SELF-IMPROVEMENT MARCHES ON, BY PHIL STONE

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE"
By Irving Stone
Reviewed by James Reid Parker

END-GAINING AND MEANS-WHEREBY
By Aldous Huxley

"THE HILLS BEYOND"
By Thomas Wolfe
and
"BETWEEN THE ACTS"
By Virginia Woolf
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

"NEWSPAPER DAYS"
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"WILLIAM HENRY WELCH"
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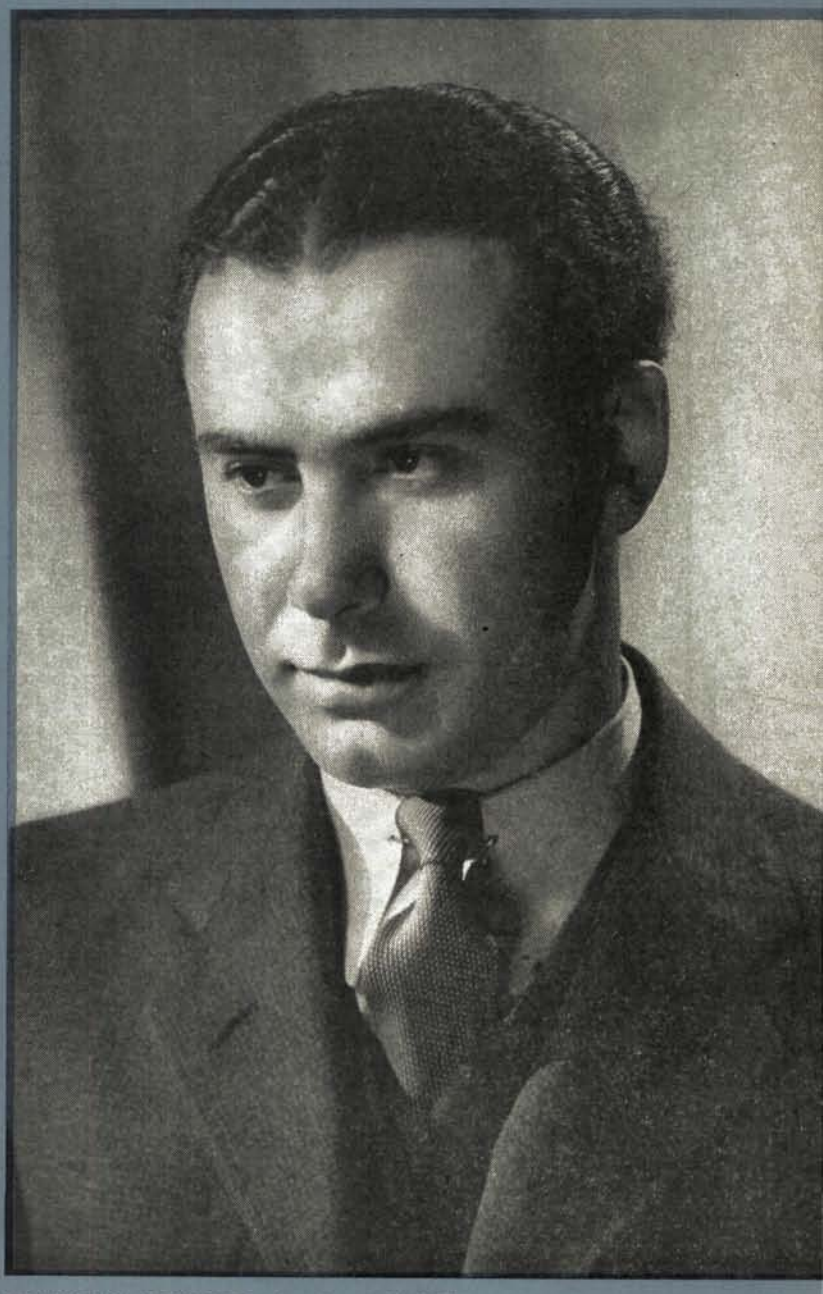

IRVING STONE (author of "Clarence Darrow for the Defense") "can be a wizard at simple, graphic narrative" . . . *(See page 6)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Self-Improvement Marches On

How to Do Anything

PHIL STONG

AMERICANS are incorrigibly hopeful, curious, and acquisitive of knowledge and manners. It was probably Carlyle who said of Goethe that he was the last man, after Aristotle and Bacon, who knew absolutely everything to be known at the time—but there is no use to tell that to American readers, who read enough "How To—" books each years to amaze, with their data, any of the savants mentioned.

There is, as financial leaders say, a tremendous backlog of such instruction on the market; everything from the Spalding series of athletic guides, to Emily Post, to "How To Win Friends and Influence People," one of the least successful of the handbooks in practice, though not in sales, because it was followed immediately by the Second World War, so influencing people seems to have been the part of the prescription that "took."

Still, there are a great many things that people do not know how to do, such as stitching quilts, curing pork, playing the recorder, reading Plato, getting in tune with the universe, and feeding wyverns. This great vacancy in the broader and richer life is regularly and assiduously supplied by the publishers of our land, spring and fall. There is virtually nothing that one cannot learn "How To—" if he consults an alert bookseller or the publishers' catalogues.

To begin with, the biggest "How To" book of the year—possibly of any year—is "How To Do Practically Anything," by Jack Goodman and Alan Green (Simon and Schuster). For years we have been wishing for one of these omnibus do-it-alls, and we wish the enterprising Essandess would put us down for a copy.

But "How To Do Practically Anything" will meet some stiff competition this fall. The last Fall Announcement number of "The Retail Bookseller," listed forty-three definitely "How To—" books, excluding the perennials—cooking, gardening, landscaping and babies, of which there are fifteen or twenty, and also "How To—" books for tots from two to sixteen, but including a book on how children from sixteen and up can get Civil Service jobs. "Intoxication Made Easy" (Modern Age) (by the use of highly seasoned Latin American dishes) also seems to come under the line because though it has some cookery it is really a book about how to have a robust time by divers means.

If you want to be an amateur choir leader, a ghastly ambition, ask your bookseller. If you want to chase a wild goose, "Wild Geese and How to Chase Them." Random):—something which has not been done since the good old days of "Daddy" Browning—the bookseller can submit instructions, though the pastime seems eccentric if not morbid. The thing to do is shoot them and serve with wild rice. "Murder for Pleasure" unhappily seems to be an abstract work, but a book on how to re-awaken your telepathic faculties is expository. If you have not been doing enough creative living full instructions are available; also information on how to make the most of the last half of life, though how one determines precisely what is the last half of life is still a problem for most people, aged one to fifty.

THERE are some curious omissions in the current "How To" output: only one book on how to write, and only one on how to eat and get slim.

Of the two, the scanty showing of books on writing is the more remarkable, for this is the season when the ramping freshman, proudly rereading his second consecutive "A" theme, consults the library for guides on how to pacify and tempt the soddenly malignant race of editors, at the same time addressing completely strange writers on the advisability of an "author's" having a "literary" agent—without enclosing return postage for a reply, of course.

"Slimming" books are probably better for spring, when Thanksgiving, Harvest dinners, Christmas and New Year's excesses are past and the budding season itself suggests the advantages of slimness.

The closest thing to a civilian handbook in war is Willy Ley's "Bombs and Bombing" (Modern Age) which cheerfully advises on how bombs behave (crudely, no discrimination at all) and how one may possibly avoid being knocked into the smaller and more contemptible kind of splinters. It is a happy topic and suggests that by proper exercise of judgment and caution one might have at least a plurality of himself present on Judgment Day. This, however, is a defensive rather than aggressively functional "How To —."

An advertising man offers the indispensable book on speaking at dinners—indispensable in the sense that no list of announcements would be complete without it. There is, of course, only one way to be a good toastmaster or after-dinner speaker, and that is to be born Choate or Carl Carmer—no, there is a third, to be born dumb.

The handicraft books, of which there are many, almost produced a satirist in Harry Zarchy, "Let's Make Something" (Knopf). If he had put a little pathos in this with italics, "Let's Make *Something!*" the book might have sold millions to the people who are no good on tooled leather book ends, tin decorations, model ships, Hollandaise, rustic furniture, and shadowgraphs,

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provided the author had had sufficient imagination and ingenuity to think up something we *could* make.

How to raise plants in the home perhaps falls outside the general field of gardening, and "Your Foreign Policy—How, What and Why" (Robert Aura Smith. Viking.) is acceptable only because it takes up the matter of how the ordinary citizen can influence the State Department, which is certainly a "How To—" if true.

Some readers may feel that many of these enterprises are lunatic, eccentric, or over-pretentious, but it will not do to set the whole lot, the whole forty-three, down as sops to unschooled, unscholarly, and unattainable lust for arcane knowledges that can be obtained only by years of disciplined endeavor. In the first place, it is not necessary to drink the whole bucket to quench one's thirst; in the second, some of the buckets are relatively small; thus I should say that any head of a family who devoted a day or two of careful study and practice to Mr. M. O. Cullen's "How To Carve Meat, Game and Poultry" (Whittlesey) would take a long step toward making his life gracious and proud—dear me, the man even pretends that you can find the second joint of a goose without an X-Ray!—and would brighten the lives of his loved ones and endear himself to acquaintances. Incidentally, this classic of its kind is listed next to "The Life of Donald Duck"—a ruthless suggestion!

This is the kind of thing that makes the "How To—" books substantial and valuable and eliminates the necessity for books on how to control your self-control (The Art of Self-Control. Reynal & Hitchcock). It does not seem to be an art. "The Art of Self-Control" can be reduced to two words, "Count Ten." Then the referee will count ten and that will settle that, and you, too, my gullible friend.

There is a heavy list on music as there usually is in these later years of radio—radio has a sufficiently black criminal record, God wot, but it has certainly raised the average musical intelligence of America, as is easily proved by the music publishing of the past five years or so. "Playing the Piano for Pleasure" (Simon & Schuster) will probably not produce many self-taught virtuosi, since the only effective way to learn to play at home is to take Harold Bauer in as a boarder, but "Be Your Own Music Critic" (Doubleday, Doran), a collection of amusing articles by authorities in various fields, should go some way toward achieving its promise.

The American desire for self-improvement, even if rather spotty self-improvement, usually manifests itself most strongly in the directions of language and music. Nearly every child is subjected to training on some musical instrument at one time or another; the subtle mechanism of the American language is a lifelong puzzle and pastime to everyone who is moderately conscious. So we have Colby's "Your Speech and How to Improve it" (Vanguard), an amusing and practical guide to the pronunciation of some abused words that occasionally touches on usage and on semantics. For the people who are always going to learn some foreign language by correspondence, phonograph, or radio there is Ybarra's "Pan-American Spanish Self-Taught" (Random) in which, for the first time, it is recognized that the legendary porters, taxi drivers, hotel clerks, and shopkeepers of foreign conversations are not all the Gilbert Murrays of their time and place.

It is in the diversity of the "How To's," though, that the secret of their success—and possibly of American success—is to be found. Somewhere in the great Norse epic, the "Haemskringla," there is the story of the viking who misses Greenland because of a storm and is driven westward till he glimpses a land beyond any known to be in that direction. At the same time the half-wrecked ship is able to put about and eventually the starving crew on its piece of nearly worthless flotsam manages to make its home port.

The band of half-starved, storm-beaten mariners had a curious greeting. "They were much blamed," says the skald, "because it was said that they were not sufficiently eager to gain knowledge."

While the hardships of reading the semi-annual assortment of cultural books are not quite as great as those of crossing a stormy Atlantic in an open boat, they are comparable, and still it seems that the gentle American reader will never seem culpable on the same grounds. Among the books on individual topics are Lutz's "A Lot of Insects" (Putnam)—for the city dweller this would have been more poignant if he had dealt with the apartment instead of a non-existent backyard—and more bird and beast books, together with a heartless treatise called "Consider the Oyster" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce) which is zoological-culinary, "Enjoyment of Science," by Jonathan Leonard (Doubleday, Doran), a handbook on the production of puppet shows, some trifles of anthropology, a work on emotional schooling for state craft, and two excellent hobby books for adults, "Photographing Animals" by W. Suschitsky (Studio Publications) and Julian

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End-Gaining and Means-Whereby

ALDOUS HUXLEY

PREACHING is one of the major professions and one of the commonest of hobbies. Perhaps a tenth of the entire human race spends all or part of its time telling the other nine-tenths what ends they should pursue, and how they should act, think, and feel in order to please God, remain healthy, get on in the world, and promote the welfare of the community. Some of this advice is definitely pernicious; but most of it is sound enough, and not a little of it is in accord with the highest ethical and religious idealism.

What is the effect of all this education, first, upon those preached to, and, second, upon the preachers? The headlines in the newspapers provide a horribly depressing answer to the first question. The answer to the second is hardly less dismal; for if we read the biographies of defunct idealists, if we cultivate the acquaintance of those most busily engaged in telling what they ought to do to be saved, physically, morally, politically, and spiritually, we shall find that very many preachers conspicuously fail to practise what they preach. We shall meet with philosophers whose lives are hopelessly irrational and mean; religious leaders at the mercy of their passions and prejudices; physicians ignoring their own rules of health and living in chronically diseased bodies; politicians whose conduct, in the affairs of state, is frankly criminal; professional educators conducting themselves with the vanity and silliness of children. The tree is known by its fruits, and from a study of the fruits of preaching it is evident that something is decidedly wrong with that particular tree.

We have a direct intuition of the value of the highest moral and religious ideals; and we know empirically that the accepted methods of inculcating those ideals are not very effective. Politicians may embark on large-scale social reforms, designed to improve the world, but these reforms cannot produce more than a fraction of the good results expected of them, unless educators discover means whereby preachers and preached-to can implement their good intentions and practice what is preached. To build this bridge between idealistic theory and actual practise has proved so difficult that most men and women have hitherto merely evaded the problem. For either they have gone on preaching and teaching as in the past, regardless of the fact that the old educational methods are only about ten per cent efficient. Or else, having realized that the gap between theory and practice is still unbridged, they have turned against the preachers and even the ideals preached by them. Regardless of the fact that cynicism and blind fanaticism are equally disastrous, they have become moral and intellectual nihilists, and, from nihilism, have gone on, under the spell of some fascinating demagogue, to the service of one of the idolatrous pseudo-religions such as nationalism, fascism, or communism. Meanwhile, the original problem remains unsolved and the circumstances of the time become less and less favorable to the rational solution of any social or psychological problem whatsoever.

Up to the present time only two solutions have been discovered to the problem of bridging the gap between idealistic theory and actual practice. The first, which is very ancient, is the mystic's technique of transcending personality in a progressive awareness of ultimate reality. The second, which is very recent, was discovered some fifty years ago by F. M. Alexander* and may be described as a technique for the proper use of the self, a method for the creative conscious control of the whole psycho-physical organism.

*THE UNIVERSAL CONSTANT IN LIVING. By F. Mathias Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1941. 270 pp., with index. $2.50.

F. M. Alexander

Alexander's fundamental discovery was this: there exists in man, as in all the other vertebrates, a primary control conditioning the proper use of the total organism. When the head is in a certain relation to the neck, and the neck in a certain relation to the trunk, then (it is a matter of brute empirical fact) the entire psycho-physical organism is functioning to the best of its natural capacity. When, for any reason whatsoever, the proper relations between head, neck, and trunk are disturbed, the psycho-physical organism comes to be used improperly.

ANIMALS in the state of nature and human beings in primitive conditions rely on instinct to keep the mechanism of the primary control working as it ought to work. But with the rise of civilization, environment begins to change with increasing rapidity. Human beings find themselves continually called upon to adapt themselves to unfamiliar circumstances. They become disturbed, and their bewilderment interferes with their instincts, with the result that the primary control ceases to be exercised and the self comes to be improperly used. Improper use of the self produces physical and mental conditions which call urgently for cure and reform. But all attempts at cure and reform are now doomed to more or less complete insuccess. For so long as their own and their neighbors' primary control remains faulty, all that even the best-intentioned reformers can do for themselves and other people cannot in the nature of things result in anything but the perpetuation and perhaps the intensification of the prevailing improper use of the self.

We are all, in Alexander's phrase, "end-gainers." We have goals towards which we hasten without ever considering the means whereby we, as psycho-physical organisms, can best achieve our purpose. Most education is strictly of the end-gaining kind. We urge our children towards the goals of knowledge, morality, and health, without instructing them in the proper use of the psycho-physical organisms which are to acquire these goods. The consequence is that the goods are acquired imperfectly and at a high price in terms of mal-functioning. Some educators, it is true, pay atten-

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The Life of Clarence Darrow

CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE. By Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 570 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

"LUST for Life," which was neither a novel nor a biography, but a blend of both, and a thoroughly fascinating work into the bargain, is the only book by Irving Stone that I had had the pleasure of reading before this. Those connoisseurs of biography who found "Lust for Life" annoying because it couldn't be pigeonholed in an accepted manner will have no such complaint to make about "Clarence Darrow for the Defense," which is a straightforward and solidly factual biography. And by and large a good one. Its merits are that it is elaborately documented and manifestly a labor of love. Its chief defect is that the writing is of an uneven quality. Mr. Stone, who can be a wizard at simple, graphic narrative, when he chooses, has used a good deal of purple in this book ("In the breast of the firm of Darrow and Masters there was now harbored the wrecks of two poets"), but I like to think that he is in training to be one of our most discerning biographers and that he will speedily outgrow this small tendency.

(Literary Note: Why does one find fault with the really good writers, prod them, and want them to achieve perfection, while at the same time one is deliberately charitable toward the honest but pedestrian biographer? Isn't one in danger of misleading the public? After all, Mr. Stone is a writer of unusual talent. He writes humanely about public figures who were idealists of a very high order. He is on the side of the angels, and instead of being pedestrian, he is one of the cleverest American biographers going. Shouldn't one come right out and say so? In this book he is wordy; some of the effects he strives for come off and some don't; thirty-eight per cent of the time he is tedious. And yet this is a book that no one can afford to miss. Query: what should a reviewer, who wants people to rush out and buy the book, but who hopes that Mr. Stone will develop into the best there is, say?)

Clarence Darrow's autobiography was not enough. Mr. Stone's book comes at a time when the law needs it badly, when the fight for civil liberties is a harder and more thankless battle than ever.

To a younger generation of lawyers, Irving Stone's account of Darrow's defense of Big Bill Haywood in Boise, and his conduct during the MacNamara case in Los Angeles must be suggested as required reading. Stone's portrait of Darrow during the Scopes trial adds up to nothing less than an important chapter of American history, with a nicely-painted miniature of that consummate humbug, Bryan, thrown in for good measure. Darrow in the Loeb-Leopold case. Darrow in the Massie case. Object lessons in the great and good fight against capital punishment, and in the fight to recognize and cope with mass hysteria's recurrent stranglehold on justice. The whole view—the very essence of Darrow's greatness—is treated with complete understanding in this book.

In the last chapter, "The Road to Glory," Mr. Stone's story of Darrow and the Henry Sweet case is especially fine. It is a good writer doing his best work—unaffected, eloquent, and touching. I hope that these seventeen pages will go into a great many anthologies. For Mr. Stone's sake, for Clarence Darrow's sake, and for the honor of American biography.

Clarence Darrow

Genesis of Prussianism

THE POTSDAM FÜHRER: Frederick William I, Father of Prussian Militarism. By Robert Ergang. New York: Columbia University Press. 1941. 290 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by WILL SCHABER

WE are king and master and can do what we like. In this remark, Frederick William I of Prussia embodied his autobiography. The subjects who disregarded his pluralist greatness—his "We"—must feel the harsh blows of the royal cane on their backs. He loved no one and no thing in the world, "except a strong army." Its organization was his government's leitmotiv. The citizens must be industrious, Spartan, as thrifty as he. "The saleswomen in the market," he decreed, "are not to sit with open mouths, but are to spin, knit or sew."

He decreed everything in this Prussian state, from the number of the buttons on the soldiers' uniforms to the most minute details of his funeral. The state must run with clocklike precision. He used six out of seven million *talers* of annual state income for aggrandizement of the army. Especially he lavished monies on his Potsdam giants' regiment—for Frederick William was a gigantomaniac. Every European male taller than six feet was in constant danger of being kidnaped by Prussian agents, and being dragged to the Potsdam garrison. It plagued the land; in 1731, the practice caused the Hannoverian Government to order the arrest and execution of the Prussian "men robbers."

The army became the focus of all Prussian life. Its needs drove the king to his mercantile system, a forerunner of Nazi autarchy and *ersatz*. He built a huge state wool factory; forbade his subjects to wear imported clothes; encouraged manufacturers and artisans to settle in Prussia, and even tolerated a few Jews.

"If you need money, levy the sum of 20,000 or 30,000 *talers* upon the whole Jewry," he advised his son, Frederick the Great.

Robert Ergang offers a straightforward, clear, amply documented story of the "Potsdam Fuehrer." The old, long forgotten records he has unearthed are like stones which, painstakingly rubbed, time and again give a bright sparkle, illuminating the fundamentals of Prussian militarism. What Ergang lacks in brilliance, he more than makes up in honesty. There has been too much brilliance in the flood of biographical literature—brilliance that attempts to gild over sketchy, inaccurate research; it is high time for these swift polishers to do a bit more digging.

Here is an analysis of Potsdam, the dominant direction of recent and present German history. Someone should write the story of Weimar, the other German center. The fatal antagonism between the two would explain, and perhaps help to end, today's bloody tragedy.

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Two Posthumous Novels

REVIEWED BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 219 *pp.* $2.50.

A MELANCHOLY interest naturally attaches itself to this posthumous novel by Virginia Woolf, a book which has many technically brilliant passages, a book which is nowhere incompetent, but unfortunately also a book which is not interesting. Its fable concerns a pageant given in the garden of an English country house and witnessed by the county aristocracy. The pageant itself is an historical affair written and produced by a Miss La Trobe, and we are apparently to understand from the scenes and fragments of scenes introduced into the novel that England in successive epochs was filled with persons very like ourselves. These scenes, particularly the mock Restoration comedy and the Victorian skit, are written with all the verve one associates with "Orlando" and with the same mischievous control over historical material.

But the body of the novel concerns the inter-relations of a part of the spectators, mainly those living in the country house where the pageant is given, and a very confused set of inter-relations these prove to be. A Mrs. Manresa emerges from the obscurity, who is regarded by some of the characters and, I fear, by Mrs. Woolf herself, as the polite embodiment of Lust, but who seems to me the only figure in the book honestly trying to set other people at their ease. She is of course much in the eye of an inevitable husband of an estranged wife, a female chiefly distinguished by the constant flow of poetical images which make up her stream of consciousness; and there are various representatives of other British generations. I assume that the strength and weakness, the pity and comedy of these persons represent the modern incarnation of the historical past.

Or perhaps I have missed the whole point of the book. But I must regretfully confess that the fashion of writing a novel by the refusal of the story, by the piling up of innuendoes and indirections, velleities and subconsciousnesses cannot justify itself except when the process is under steady control. Mrs. Woolf in this book skips from person to person and from point of view to point of view. Consequently the reader tires of trying to remember who to be. Is anything really gained by leaving the beholder in a dim fog for half the book? I believe the costliness of this technique does not represent a real gain; and to me at least "Between the Acts" remains a piece of technical virtuosity which does not come off.

Virginia Wolfe

Marching

By Jesse Stuart

WHAT is it all? I wish that I could tell.
All I know is, we come, we live, we pass;
Know earth, we hear of Heaven and of Hell,
We feel the rain and wind and touch the grass.
We come as others come and breathe the air
As they have breathed the air, and felt of life
As they have felt of life; and just as fair
As they our flesh is now; we meet the strife
Before us as they met the strife; and now
They sleep and we are living, living still,
And happy to be alive and hold the plow,
Living in log shacks on Kentucky hills,
Marching, marching, under heaven's bright arch;
Marching, marching, never the same we march.

THE HILLS BEYOND. By Thomas Wolfe. With a Note on Thomas Wolfe by Edward C. Aswell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 386 *pp.* $2.50.

ALTHOUGH I am probably in the minority, I venture modestly to urge that we don't have any more posthumous volumes by Tom Wolfe, at least for the general public. He was a great personality and he was a powerful, if irregular, writer, whose prose at its best had a beauty and force unsurpassed in American literary history. But I think he ought to be allowed to stand or fall by the four huge confessional novels. I say this with due comprehension of the zeal of his friends to give all sides of his character the diuturnity of print; and I am also grateful for the illuminating biographical information which Mr. Aswell supplies. But I think most of the present volume could have been spared.

It contains eleven items, of which the title story is the bulkiest and most important. This was intended to be a forepart of the George Webber cycle. Some parts of it show Wolfe at the top of his bent. He has captured the very tang and sound of a kind of Carolina speech and the very essence of a certain sort of Southerner in the personality of Zachariah Joyner. We also get a vivid glimpse of an early Webber progenitor. But mixed with this admirable material there is stuff that can only be called sophomoric—for example, a heavy-handed bit of satire in which a Vanderbilt (here called Wil-

Thomas Wolfe

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letts) is snubbed by a Virginian Lady who has married into the Joyner clan.

Other odds and ends from the Gant saga or the Webber cycle fill up most of the rest of the volume. "Chickamauga" and "The Lost Boy" are reprinted from the magazines, and it is good to have them in permanent form; but I, for one, would prefer to have them by themselves and not be under the necessity of disentangling them from the morass of uneven writing in which, they are here embedded. The frank truth is that most of the other selections are pretty poor stuff. A piece called "Gentlemen of the Press" has a crude drive, but college composition courses produce material almost as good. An over-written item, "The Return of the Prodigal," shows Tom Wolfe-Eugene Gant returning to Asheville-Altamont after the resentment over "Look Homeward Angel" has died out; it was rightly omitted from the later novels.

There are two splenetic attacks, in this book, one on the professional literary Irishman and one on the professional "liberal" critic; there is a piece called "The Lion at Morning" which shows a self-willed rich man bullying his butler—a theme which takes one back to George Horace Lorimer and O. Henry, and to which Wolfe adds very little.

And there is a rather pathetic personal essay, 'God's Lonely Man," in which Thomas Wolfe says that the teaching of Christ is that the life of loneliness can be forever destroyed by the life of love. It is pathetic because Wolfe was a lonely man and because in this essay he is struggling to express philosophically a set of values which he felt emotionally, but it is not, I fear, "a very beautiful and tragic essay," for the simple reason that it is clumsy and verbose.

I honor the great writer of prose, the elemental force, the vast and primary lyricality which made Tom Wolfe so wonderful and compelling a novelist. In the face of his achievement one is prepared to forgive the repetitiousness, the tedium, the childish emotionalism which intermingle with his mature, his dramatic, and his rhapsodic pages. Except in the single item of parts of "The Hills Beyond" (the fictional fragment, not this whole book) I must honestly report that to market this book as "the first appearance in book form of some of Thomas Wolfe's best fiction" is not candid. If the reference is to "The Lost Boy" and "Chickamauga," the buyer is going to wonder why such prentice work as "Gentlemen of the Press" is included; and if the reference is to the entire contents of this book, I can only flatly deny what the dust jacket says.

The "Happy Days"

NEWSPAPER DAYS. 1899-1906. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 313 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HERE is Henry Mencken at his delightful best, gay, extremely amusing, ever exposing hypocrisy and shams with his brilliant lance of complete honesty and good-natured, but often devastating, frankness and humor. I have laughed out loud over this story of his seven years as a reporter, a precocious city editor (at twenty-three!) and managing editor at twenty-four, of a moribund Baltimore daily, as I have not over any other book for years in this grim time. I admit I am a biased witness, for I began my journalistic work just as he did, only my service as a reporter was on a commercialized daily in Philadelphia, whose journalism Mencken overwhelms with scorn for not extending the slightest brotherly love or help to him and his associates when, after the Baltimore fire, they were printing their paper in Philadelphia, one hundred miles away from their market.

In that Philadelphia newspaper office I worked with the same odd characters Mencken recalls—hard drinkers, braggarts, frauds and cheats, some practically down-and-outs, mixed with some brilliant newspaper men and fine personalities. The first suicide I was assigned to was that of a young girl, and so was Henry's first portrayal of self-destruction. I never had the luck to be admitted to interview a bride as she was being attired for the wedding by her mother, starting from the bare scratch, as he did. But otherwise our careers pretty much paralleled, save that one of his habitats, the saloon, was not known to me. But I did know the world in which he worked and here describes, policemen, prostitutes, waiters, judges who were "lost" for days after some of the old-fashioned Baltimore banquets, crooked politicians, high city lights whose sinning had always to be covered up, and news-faking on a systematic scale, and innumerable others. Mencken glories in his brilliant shame in this respect, whereas I struggled with a prim, New England conscience even when ordered by the managing editor and the boss to lie. Later I was a managing editor, even as he.

—*Caricature by Miguel Covarrubias*
H. L. Mencken

But though I have these personal reasons for revelling in this book, every one else who takes it up and has a vestige of humor and of understanding of humanity as it is in most of our American cities will likewise be immensely entertained. Of course it is not deep, or philosophic, and it is no serious contribution to the journalistic evolution of our time. It is not meant to be. It is Henry Mencken, talking and laughing about seven years of his youth which were crammed full of newspaper adventure, with men and women in the raw. It is a record, however, that should have been written and ought to be preserved, for it is a vivid true picture of news-gathering in the United States in our time—painted by his inimitable pen with his gorgeous use of the English language. Though I was a reformer myself, I appreciate his thrusts at the ilk, for I know now how much harm many of them did. Having been, like himself, an editorial writer for years I can also appreciate his quip that that "was a trade that no reporter respected."

As for the reporter's job Mencken is right in saying:

> I believed then, and still believe today, that it was the maddest, gladdest, damndest existence ever enjoyed by youth. At a time when the respectable bourgeois youngsters of my generation were college freshmen, oppressed by simian sophomores and affronted with balderdash daily and hourly by chalky pedagogues, I was at large in a wicked seaport of half a million people, with a front seat at every public show, as free of the night as of the day, and getting earfuls and eyefuls of instruction in a hundred giddy arcana, none of them taught in schools . . . But it would be an exaggeration to say that I was ignorant, for if I neglected the humanities I was meanwhile laying in all the worldly wisdom of a police lieutenant, a bartender, a shyster lawyer, or a midwife. And it would certainly be idiotic to say that I was not happy.

Certainly if a reporter at the turn of the century did not know life, no one else did. He was a wage-slave—Mencken started at seven dollars a week and I at ten dollars—and he

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worked incredible hours, with meals and sleep thrown in if and when the job permitted. But he felt that he had the key to the world, that he was behind the scenes of life, and that every door opened when he knocked, that he owed an all-consuming loyalty to the paper he served, and that was what really mattered. And as for being a newspaper executive, when the *Titanic* went down or the city burned almost to the ground, why that was an experience not to be swapped for the White House itself. Indeed, I hardly ever knew a newspaper man who really envied the politicians, save for their easy money. The latter were poor creatures whose sole business was to disguise their true thoughts and real life, and when election time came they would eat out of our hands and do anything we wanted.

In this book there is never a touch of bitterness. Mencken was never disillusioned because, being a born journalist, he knew from the beginning what the life about him really was. But his love for humans—which he would probably wholly deny—shines from every page. Read his tributes to the workers who stood with him at the composing-room tables when he made up his newspaper. Read the amazing story of the "Girl from Red Lion P.A."—who arrived in Baltimore from her bucolic home and asked to be driven to the nearest house of ill-fame because, having accidentally gone too far with her lover, she was certain that the only course now before her was a brief and complete career in sin and drugs and then death in the gutter—and you get some measure of his kindliness and understanding. He just had the good fortune never to be blinded by moral standards, most of which were false, and bad and did lots of harm.

But don't let him fool you. He is no dreadful rake and no wanton boozer. He rightly quotes Charles Lamb's dedication of the "Essays of Elia" as applying to this book—he might have said all his books. Lamb, it will be recalled, launched his essays for the "kindly and judicious reader" who "refuses to take everything perversely in the absolute and literal sense," but gives it "a fair construction, as to an after-dinner conversation." One must never take Mencken at his own estimate to realize his great, golden worth.

Maybe It's the War

The inevitable slowing down of publishing tempo in this country is beginning to have its effect on professional authors who are accustomed to do their five thousand words a day.

—*The Bookseller,* London.

Hero in a "Heroic Age"

WILLIAM HENRY WELCH AND THE HEROIC AGE OF AMERICAN MEDICINE. By Simon Flexner and James Thomas Flexner. New York: The Viking Press, 1941. 539 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

THE dramatic strides medicine has made in the past century are no longer news. But relatively few have known that it was largely the genius and amazing vitality of one man that forced American medicine from empiricism and guesswork out into the field of pure science and brought it to a position of world leadership in less than fifty years. This man was William Henry Welch, brilliant scientist, beloved teacher, wise doctor-statesman, whose heritage was in the best New England tradition, and who, when he died in 1934, had contributed more benefits to humanity, and more gaiety to living in his eighty-four years than even his conscientious biographers could recount.

Happily, Dr. Welch lived long enough to see his profession accept all the reforms he had instigated and to receive from them every honor they could bestow. The kindest of men, he gained his victories by persuasion rather than combat. Yet lady anti-vivisectionists, politicians, millionaires, no less than his professional associates, were powerless against the quiet force of his logic and persistent good sense. He established the first pathological laboratory America had ever seen. It was at his insistence that medical teaching evolved from a few didactic lectures and an occasional clinic into schools of laboratories and research with full-time professors and hospitals of their own. He was one of the Big Four who made the Johns Hopkins Medical School a dynamic force, and he guided its progress for fifty years. He started and edited single-handed the first scientific journal. Later he wheedled the Foundation into providing funds for his model School of Hygiene where he trained a new order of health officials. He checked epidemics, got food and milk bills passed, was the father of the National Tuberculosis and the Mental Hygiene Associations. At seventy-six he organized the first school of medical history. All of this and much more while he contributed to many fields of technical knowledge.

—*From a cartoon.*
Dr. William Henry Welch and his "Welch Rabbits."

One of the most brilliant of his now famous students was Dr. Simon Flexner. When in 1890 Dr. Flexner went to Baltimore to work in pathology he promptly fell under Dr. Welch's spell. The association then begun was not allowed to lapse when at his teacher's recommendation he became the Director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and ended only with Dr. Welch's death. In the writing of this biography Dr. Flexner has been fortunate in his collaborator, his own son, gifted author of the delightful "Doctors on Horseback."

The story the Flexners have given us is more than the life history of a great scientist and teacher. Its background, painted as carefully as is the portrait itself, is modern medical history in the making, and so ramified were the interests of their subject that there is scarcely a phase of experimental medicine of his time not represented. All of which adds much to the book's significance. But to the hundreds of his students the biography will be cherished for its series of moving-pictures of the man who has been "Popsy" to them for more than a generation. It is pictures such as these rather than pride in his scientific accomplishment that will bring a nostalgic ache to the heart of Hopkins men all over the country. For William Henry Welch though a truly great man, was a man of many human foibles, of twinkling humor, of unaffected modesty, and so his greatness did not frighten lesser folk.

In their scholarly account of his life the Flexners have included many letters, anecdotes, and photographs, all of which help to give the book an intimate appeal. Students will rejoice in the careful notes and references. If the authors have been less successful in capturing that special flavor which was "Popsy's" own, perhaps it was too illusive to be caught with words. We can be grateful that this is honest, well-written, and carefully executed biography.

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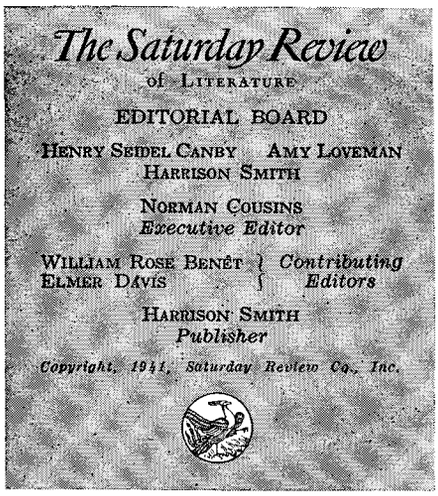

OUR HEROES

HERE are some notes on the investigation by a Senate committee into charges of war propaganda by the moving-picture industry:

By a strange twist, Hollywood has been forced into the hero's role—at the point of a gun. Up until comparatively recently, Hollywood lived for years in that most Utopian of all worlds, a snow-white paradise whose inhabitants, apparently, were miraculously oblivious of the facts of life as they related to intercourse among nations. There was nothing to indicate that the ideological chastity of that paradise had ever been marred, let alone touched, by the bare mention of Mr. Hitler's name, or Nazism, or even the knowledge that democracy was having a pretty tough time in a world which was passing through the greatest crime wave in history, with nation after nation being victimized or murdered. There was a story, and a true one at that, perhaps the most dramatic and challenging and suspense-provoking story that would ever come its way, but Hollywood never heard of it.

Or at least so it seemed. Of all inexplicables in an industry where inexplicables are legion, nothing seems stranger than the failure of the motion pictures during the first six years of Mr. Hitler's tenure to deal in even the vaguest way with Nazism or with any material thereof—even though that material happened to represent a living drama that had already become a tragedy for millions of people, and the first concern of millions of others. Books and magazine articles there were by the score, fiction and non-fiction; even plays. But for Hollywood—*non est inventus!*—Nazism was carefully, even adroitly ignored. One couldn't quite make up his mind whether this was oversight or overture; but concerning the uninterrupted silence toward world realities there could be no doubt.

The long spell was broken by the only producer in Hollywood, apparently, who believed that the industry could or should acknowledge the existence of Mr. Hitler and, indeed, speak out against him. The pioneer was Harry Warner, with "Confessions of a Nazi Spy." Intrinsically, the picture was well-staged and effective enough, although the atmosphere seemed a little synthetic in spots. But all sorts of pressures were said to have been put on Mr. Warner to cancel the film; and there was some trouble in distributing it for general release. Why this should have been, it is difficult to say. If Mr. Warner had been dealing with exposés of American kidnappers or gangsters or murderers, no questions would have been asked, no obstacles raised.

But the public turned out to see the film. Mr. Warner, it seemed, was giving them what they wanted. And when Charles Chaplin's "The Dictator," whose production and release were encumbered and hampered as few other films in the life of Hollywood, justified itself with King Boxoffice, this was all the motion picture industry wanted to know. Somewhat late, and panting a bit to catch up with the rest of the parade, Hollywood allowed it to be known that she agreed with the rest of the country in its distaste of Nazism. Some ten or a dozen films dealing with Nazism were produced, most of them based on books whose success and reception with the general public had already been established. Artistically, most of them were distinguished specimens of film-making, well up above the average. We know nothing about their financial record other than that they are supposed to have played to crowded houses all over the country.

Against this background came the investigation by a Senate committee. These pictures, it had been charged, were propaganda and the committee had taken it upon itself to ask a lot of questions—although no one took the trouble to define the word "propaganda" or to ask why any industry should have to be investigated for supporting the foreign policy of the United States. Why the committee picked on Hollywood and not on book publishers has not been answered. Publishers recognized Nazism for what it was as soon as it showed its head. Nor did publishers have to wait until they were assured that the coast was clear and that the public would buy anti-Nazi literature before they jumped into the fight. It almost seems too bad that films and not the books were brought up for questioning; we could at least have given them a real run for their money.

Much has been written about the implications of government by Senate investigation; and there should be genuine concern not only for the freedom of motion pictures in particular but for the freedom of the press in general, for if Hollywood is guilty of anti-Nazi propaganda, so is every newspaper whose editorials or news columns have ever contained anything that reflected unkindly upon Nazi actions or Nazi motives; so is every book or pamphlet or magazine that has tried to tell the world that a hurricane was approaching, even though some preferred to see it as only a gentle swell upon the waters of the future.

But the purpose of these notes is not only to add a voice to those opposing intrusion or intimidation by government agencies, but to find out what has happened to all the anti-Nazi films which were scheduled for production and release during the next few years. If it is true, as some reports from Hollywood indicate, that the motion picture industry has quietly folded its anti-Nazi tents rather than stand up to a group of Senators who by no means represent the views of the Senate as a whole or of the American government, then the surrender to this intimidation is by far the ugliest chapter in the history of Hollywood.

It is all well and good to talk about freedom of speech, but along with that goes the responsibility of clinging to it, and not turning it in the first time someone happens to ask for it.

N. C.

Heil to Hitler

By Witter Bynner

UNFRIENDED conqueror, man of no peace,
Your cycle is a trifle and shall cease.

Shame upon shame, this massacre of men
To make an empire! Yours is not the first;
It is only that you play the trick again,
When men are better, that makes yours the worst.

That small moustache of yours, failing in grace,
Crawls like a conquering worm across your face.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Critics and Intellectuals"

SIR:—I must protest against the brusque way in which Dr. Howard Mumford Jones dismisses academic criticism because of its tenuous connection with the actual writing, publishing, reviewing, and selling of books. Since when has it been the duty of any but periodical criticism to concern itself with the latest productions of the press? And why call academic critics timid because they do not choose to deal with what Dr. Jones considers "the richest literary production the United States has ever known"?

It will be a sad day for criticism when it accepts Dr. Jones's notion that contemporary work is its proper matter. The best reviewer finds that his perceptions are blunted and his judgment thrown awry by the sheer bulk of matter which he has to read. Academic critics must be free from the necessity to deal with works which are primarily important because they are new.

As for the notion that academic criticism has no influence on contemporary work—that is nonsense. The greater part of academic criticism is worthless; but the ideas which great critics express today are the ideas which will be the stock-in-trade of most reviewers in ten years' time, and which the public will accept as laws of art in twenty-five years. Any attempt to confuse the function of the academic critic with that of the reviewer must be crushed, for it is an attack on the art of letters, which is happily free from mere considerations of time.

ROBERTSON DAVIES.

Toronto, Can.

SIR:—This is a protest against the kind of reviewing exemplified by Mr. Howard Mumford Jones ["Critics and Intellectuals," *SRL*, October 11]. If "The Intent of the Critic," by Edmund Wilson, Norman Foerster, John Crowe Ransom, and W. H. Auden was important enough for a leading article, it surely deserved to have the ideas of its authors expounded and evaluated. Instead, except for one sketchy paragraph, Mr. Jones spends all his time rating the authors, and through them other 'academic" critics, for not getting immediately practical results by direct influence on other authors, on publishers, and on reviewers. He complains that they "insist" on discussing Plato and Milton, in whom the general public is uninterested, and that they almost ignore the contemporary novel. He complains that they don't write with "gusto," and that, when they express themselves abstractly and philosophically *about* poetry, he does not feel the "pleasurable sensations" that poetry itself gives him.

"I got Paw to subscribe by telling him it was a poultry magazine."

Perhaps these men have written stodgily; perhaps their ideas would appeal more to the average reader if they made references to Jan Valtin as well as Shakespeare. This does not prove that their ideas are not true, important, even profound. But Mr. Jones is not interested in their ideas; he is only interested in their failure to express their ideas with gusto. It is to be inferred that though general philosophers like John Dewey may write with a total absence of gusto and get a serious hearing from serious readers and reviewers, philosophers of literary matters must all display a gift like Mr. de Voto's for the contemporary jibe and the current interest before they will be listened to at all. Would that all critics had Mr. de Voto's wit and pertinence (if not his occasional impertinence), or even Mr. Jones's direct and easy manner! Nevertheless it seems to me important that their reviewers deal justly with them on the basis of their ideas.

Finally, Mr. Jones ignores the practical difficulties that face a critic who wishes to write pure literary criticism for a wide cultivated public. Where does Mr. Jones imagine that he can get such stuff published? There is no market for it. At present the only literary periodical of general circulation in this country is *The Saturday Review*. Unless an article is given a journalistic slant by being tied up with contemporary political or economic problems,—or the war,—there is almost no other periodical market for it except in the university quarterlies that Mr. Jones derides. If it gets buried there, that is not the fault of the writer. He does what he can. Must we all turn journalists to get a hearing even for our books? Fie, Mr. Jones, you are a professor too.

ALAN REYNOLDS THOMPSON.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: My compliments to both Mr. Howard Mumford Jones and to Mr. Erasmus, who, though 400 years or so apart, nevertheless stand on the same ground—and it is pretty solid ground at that. I expect that this is an argument that will be fought until the end of time, but it is a losing argument for the obscurantists, for those works which have survived time are the living refutation of their position, just as those works which have died are the incontestable vindication of the position of Erasmus and Jones.

CARVEL ROBERTS WOOD.

New Haven, Conn.

"Soldier Speech"

SIR:—Referring to the article "Soldier Speech" by Mr. Abramowitz [*SRL*, Oct. 4], I beg to submit that some of the words have been in use with the meanings given, much longer than is indicated. For instance, "Housewife" meaning a sewing kit, is a word I was accustomed to hear many years ago, long before the First World War, and I find it in one of our dictionaries published thirty years ago. "Shavetail" meaning Second Lieutenant, I find in a dictionary printed in 1927, and I have seen it along with "Top kick" (1st-Sergeant) in many stories of army life.

A. L. MCKENZIE.

Princeton, N. J.

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Dvorak . . .

ANTON DVORAK. By Paul Stefan. Translated by Y. W. Vance. New York: The Greystone Press. 1941. 336 *pp. with index.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

ONE of the most engaging, sincere, sober, and wholesome musical personalities of the late romantic era is the subject of this biography. A study of Dvořák in English was long overdue and is particularly appropriate in these times of political and artistic trials, for this simple Bohemian composer eschewed problems and experimentation, reveling, instead, in an earthbound and sound music that makes one's heart warm. Unfortunately Paul Stefan's work, while welcome and useful, is the old style life history interspersed with "music appreciation." Although the author is obviously familiar with Dvořák's music and with the circumstances which attended its creation, he has failed to exploit his knowledge. The book is hurried, abridged, and uncritical. The author's style and approach are singularly unsuited to the peasant sobriety and utter simplicity of his subject. Thus Stefan, who a few years ago exhausted the imagery of the Arthurian legends when discussing Toscanini, is constrained to record such heroic events as the Bohemian landlubber's behavior during a stormy crossing of the Atlantic. Everyone else succumbed, "not so Dvořák, the sole passenger to appear in the dining-saloon." The American episode in Dvořak's life, important to the American reader of this typical romanticized Viennese biography, is just a repetition of the usual platitudes, trying to place the raison d'être of American music on the Negro elements.

If the biographical part is none too distinguished, the musical analyses are of an even older vintage as musical scholarship goes. There is, for instance, the description of a theme in the *New World Symphony*. "This is an invention exactly in the style of American folk music: a downward leading-tone, reiterated circlings about a central tone, the monotone D of the horns, the primitive fifths in the bass." This is pretty much meaningless. Hundreds of melodies in the music of the last two centuries correspond to this description, all we have to do is to transpose the horns occasionally. Still, until we get something more up-to-date and exhaustive Stefan's "Dvořák" will be useful in helping to restore this fine and unassuming musician to his rightful place, which is emphatically not that of the composer of "the famous *Largo*."

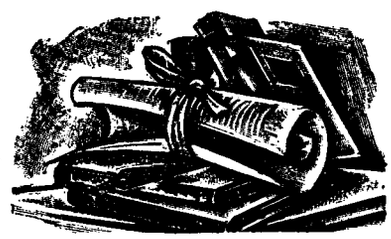
Rilke . . .

RAINER MARIA RILKE. By E. M. Butler. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 437 *pp. with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THE chief value of this work, since there is no other full length study of Rilke in English, lies in its wealth of bibliographical detail and in its copious quotations from letters. Yet this value is rather more than half suspect: for the curiously nagging animosity that Miss Butler displays towards her hero, and the contradictions and confusions that becloud her evaluations of his poetry, provoke doubts as to her ability to be objective even in the handling of objective matters. Rilke is drawn as an ass—a silly, affected Laforgue-cum-Wilde young man who developed into a kind of inhibited poetical Daddy Browning, amateur of young girls and sexless angels and death, sadist, onanist, rose-obsessed and finally rose-murdered.

But, if this was the case, one asks oneself, where did the poetry come from? Recourse to Miss Butler's critical speculations are not much help here. In spite of a great deal of writing around the poems, there is a strange unawareness of the poems themselves. It would have been better, one almost feels, if they did not exist at all; but since they do exist, the problem is to twist them into the pattern of the portrait. As a result, the "Duineser Elegien" and the "Sonnette an Orpheus" are awarded the conventional praise for their undeniable surface beauties; but after that, communication seems to break down and one is left with a great deal of baffled prose which dissects without revealing and glosses without explaining. I once read an essay on the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," at the beginning of which the author—a scholarly Protestant hymnologist—complained with some asperity that the whole poem was "instinct with and vitiated by Mariolatry." Whatever the reason for Miss Butler's scunner against Rilke it renders her as incompetent as my hymnologist to understand or write about the great poetry she is discussing.



Hale . . .

DOCUMENTARY LIFE OF NATHAN HALE. By George Dudley Seymour. New Haven, Conn.: Privately printed for the author by the Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Co. 1941. 660 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

MY pleasure in reading a history or biography is usually in direct proportion to the amount of original documentary material that the volume contains. It is, therefore, not surprising that I have found this "Documentary Life of Nathan Hale" not only exceptionally valuable from a scholarly standpoint but very interesting.

The book begins with an excellent biographical sketch of Hale. The next eighty-odd pages consist of letters, some sixty in number, written by or to Hale. Of these, I found Hale's letters to his next-older brother, Enoch, and seven letters from his great friend, Gilbert Saltonstall of New London, Connecticut, of outstanding interest. A half dozen letters from Hale's classmate Benjamin Tallmadge, later distinguished in the Revolution and in Connecticut politics, also merit special attention.

The next two hundred pages are taken up largely with verses written by Hale; the minutes of the Linonian Society of Yale, some of them written by Hale, in which frequent mention is made of Hale and his college friends; Hale's army diary; his army accounts; his book of receipts for equipment, and his book of army muster rolls. Most of this material is now printed for the first time. All of it is interesting, and much of it is important not only to those interested in Hale, but to students of the American Revolution generally. The last half of the book is made of up newspaper accounts, letters, photographs, and anecdotes relating to Hale, many of them highly important to an understanding of him and his period.

Mr. Donald L. Jacobus has added to the usefulness of the book by an exceptionally full Table of Contents, Index, and Glossary.

The most surprising aspect of the book is the fact that so large a number of letters from a man so young as Hale, and, until many years after his death, so relatively obscure, should have survived. There have come down to us official letters galore, of the period of the Revolution and also many personal letters written by men distinguished in military or civil office. But the recipients of these letters and those who came after them appre-

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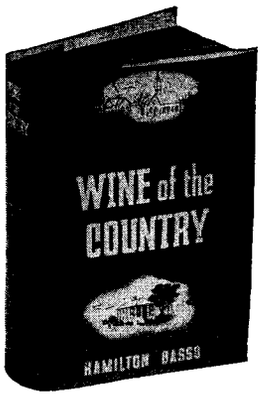


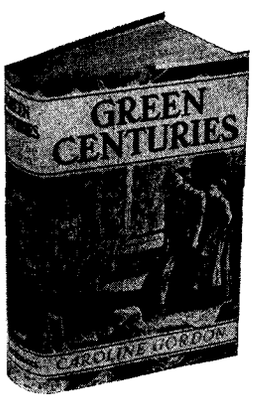
"A book to read twice — once for its story and once for its theme"

WINE OF THE COUNTRY

by HAMILTON BASSO

author of "Days Before Lent"

The theme is timely and important — whether or not a sensitive man should abdicate under the fire of the "new order." The story is dramatic, filled with action, vital characters, and high emotions, scened against vividly contrasting backgrounds. A major novel with a compelling story and a definite message. $2.75



★

GREEN CENTURIES

by CAROLINE GORDON

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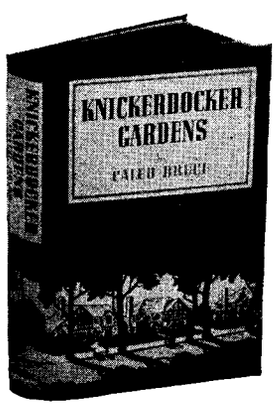

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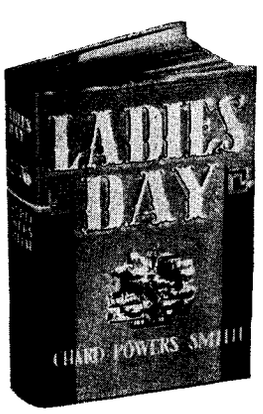

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ciated that the letters would be of historical importance and therefore preserved them. Letters of obscure men and women—and this, of course, includes almost all who were young when their letters were written—are rarer. Almost all of the letters in the "Documentary Life" were written by young men and a few by young women.

The letters of Hale's young friends and the minutes of the Linonian Society give insight into the methods of thought and expression and into the customs of the young people of the Revolutionary period beyond any other collection of published material I have seen. Moreover, as to Hale himself, we get a more detailed and rounded view than we have ever had before. Unlike some martyr heroes, he was a man admirable in life as well as in the cause and manner of his dying.

While I have tried to review this book as a scholarly contribution unrelated to its author, one cannot ignore the fact that it is notable for something beyond its intrinsic merits, for it is also moving token that pluck is not the monopoly of youth or of the Revolutionary period. Stricken with an illness which would have crushed a man of less spirit, the author pressed forward with unflagging zeal to complete this fitting and enduring memorial to a noble son of Yale and of the American people.

Hale has been more fortunate in his biographers than most of the Revolutionary heroes, from the appearance of James S. Babock's short "Memoir of Captain Nathan Hale" in 1844 through the biographies of Hale by Isaac W. Stuart in 1856, Charlotte Holloway in 1899, Henry P. Johnson in 1914, the present author's "Captain Nathan Hale; Major John Palsgrave Wyllys; Friends and Yale Classmates" (1933). But by far the most satisfactory insight into the character of Hale will be found in the volume under review.

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548 PAGES, $3.75. THE DIAL PRESS, N.Y.

Outcast and Nun

THE NUN AND THE BANDIT. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1941. 344 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

IF Mr. Grant Watson had not already established his reputation as a writer of high sensitivity, poetic power, and a very definite sense of taste, this book would certainly win it for him. For he has not only written a novel with a strongly appealing charm of its own, but has also presented a delicate problem which, if less expertly and carefully handled, might have been annoyingly obtrusive. His is a rare gift of description; he has a liking for the unusual, in manner as well as in subject, and as for the development of his characters it seems that he has never quite so brilliantly succeeded as in his portrayals of the Bandit and the Nun.

Not often does one find in a novel that the two main characters, by contrast, represent so clearly and exclusively everything the author wants to say. In comparison, the few other figures in the book seem to shrink and pale, contributing merely to the setting and the atmosphere in which the events take place. The Bandit is an outcast from society, a man who, disappointed and embittered, leads the life of a savage in the Australian bush. The spirit of revenge which he has been nursing for some time reaches its final expression when he kidnaps the daughter of his passionately hated cousin—and her companion, the Nun. The immediate circumstances and results of this act against society and capital are insignificant in their influence upon his changing attitude. The import clearly is beyond his grasp. What causes the conflict and, in the end, opens his eyes is a sudden recognition of humanity. He falls in love with the beautiful girl who conceals herself in the drab attire of a nun and for the first time in his life comes in contact with a human being, even though these contacts are still rough and violent. The girl, on her part, rather forcibly comes to revise her religious concepts of good and evil.

Briefly summarized, this may sound somewhat theoretical, but it is really the background of an eloquent and moving love story. Grim though it is in parts, the whole tenor is pleasant and often lyrical. The moral issue is not penetrating, nor is it particularly new, and one could think of a less conventional conclusion. This, however, does not touch the general impression that Mr. Grant Watson has written an excellent novel which will, I am sure, earn him renewed praise.

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Making Articles Timely
How to "slant" your material at a magazine. *See pages* 90 *and* 317.

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More than 30 years ago a college classmate told me he had heard this strange story from an aged Canadian priest who said it was a folk-yarn long before it was imprisoned in print. Neither my classmate nor I ever discovered who wrote it. Cleveland Moffett, Elizabeth Jordan, and others have written versions of it since, based on my oral recital. Perhaps you may know the original source.

—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

JOHN THANE, a successful young American, is sent by his firm to France on a business trip. He has never before been abroad and has no knowledge of French.

Arriving in Paris late in the afternoon, he takes a room at a hotel, then goes out to a sidewalk café. At a nearby table he sees a beautiful young Frenchwoman who smiles repeatedly at him. He makes no move to respond, and in a few moments she takes a piece of blue stationery from her handbag, writes something on it, and drops it at her feet. Then, with a meaningful glance at him, she rises and quickly disappears in the boulevard throng.

Curious, and now sorry he has failed to make the acquaintance of so charming a creature, Thane retrieves the paper. On it are a few words in French. Expecting that the young woman has written something for him, he asks the headwaiter to translate the message. After taking one horrified look at the words, the man orders Thane to leave the café.

Back at his hotel, Thane tells the manager of his strange experience and shows him the paper. The manager eyes him in abhorrence and orders him to clear out of the hotel at once, refusing any explanation.

Dazed and miserable, Thane puts the blue paper in his pocket, determining not to show it to anyone else in that strange city.

Upon his return to America, he tells his story to the president of his firm, a native Frenchman, who has been his father's friend and his friend for years. The president readily agrees that it must be some cruel jest and offers to solve the mystery. But when Thane shows him the blue paper he stares at it with lips contorted, throws it in Thane's face and orders him out of the office and out of the firm's employ. Jobless, crushed, Thane stumbles into the street. Not only his peace of mind but now his career is lost—all because of a few words on a little piece of paper!

At last he has an idea. His old childhood nurse, who is devoted to him, is French. Going to her home, he pours out the tale of his hideous predicament. She swears solemnly that she will translate the mysterious words for him. As he sits down he draws out a pistol and lays it on the table between them. "A simple, correct translation," he reminds her, "or I will never leave this room alive." She nods and holds out her hand for the paper.

Thane digs into the pocket where he has always kept it. Then he fumbles hysterically from pocket to pocket. The paper is gone. Thane never saw it again.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

PHYSICAL MISFORTUNES

This is a quiz to test your will-power. The answers are on the facing page. Briefly described below are the circumstances under which ten famous literary characters suffered severe bodily injury. Allow 5 points if you can name the victim, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him. A score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent.

1. The nose of this child was squashed at birth by the doctor's forceps.
2. A hammer blow had left a scar across this woman's mouth and chin which changed colors with her emotions.
3. The face of this mountebank had been deliberately disfigured in childhood so that he appeared to be always laughing.
4. In an attempt at a double suicide, rather than part from the girl he loved, he steered the sled on which they were coasting into an elm tree, but succeeded only in crippling them both for life.
5. A cruel parent beat this infant and cut off his right hand.
6. A hungry crocodile had eaten off one of this pirate's hands.
7. This gentleman lost a hand and his eyesight while trying to rescue his insane wife from their burning home.
8. Under the delusion that he was a knight errant rescuing a captive princess, this chivalrous gentleman attacked some travelers and lost an ear.
9. A cannon ball took off both legs of this bold soldier.
10. This captain lost a leg in an encounter with a gigantic whale.

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ENDS AND MEANS

(*Continued from page* 5)

tion to the "means-whereby," but unfortunately they know nothing of the primary control which insures the proper use of the self. In their ignorance, they try to eliminate defects and establish improvements by a process of direct attack. But such direct attacks cannot, in the nature of things, be effective. True, bad symptoms may be palliated by direct methods and a measure of partial good achieved, but these results are always obtained at a high price. For, if the primary control is faulty, all intensive activity, however well intentioned and whatever the partial improvements achieved, can only help to ingrain the habits of improper use. This means that any good achieved will be accompanied by harmful by-products, which may actually outweigh it, if not immediately, then in the long run. In all that concerns life, it is only through the indirect approach that the most substantial goods are achieved. Thus religion is valueless when it seeks the immediate advantage of the devotee. To the mystic it is axiomatic that he must seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Similarly, the moralist perceives that happiness is not achieved by the direct pursuit of happiness. Happiness is a by-product, the result of pursuing other ends than happiness, by other than merely pleasurable means. In the same way, the complete correction of bad physical or mental habits is not to be achieved by treatments or exercises designed to palliate the specific bodily symptoms, nor by acts of will designed to change the undesirable patterns of thought and behavior, but only indirectly, through

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Tristram Shandy," by Laurence Sterne.
2. Rosa Dartle, in "David Copperfield," by Dickens.
3. Gwyneplaine, in "The Man Who Laughs," by Victor Hugo.
4. "Ethan Frome," by Edith Wharton.
5. "Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter.
6. Captain Hook, in "Peter Pan," by James Matthew Barrie.
7. Edward Rochester, in "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.
8. "Don Quixote," by Cervantes.
9. Ben Battle, in "Faithless Nelly Gray," by Thomas Hood.
10. Captain Ahab, in "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville.

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learning to master the primary control of the organism as a whole.

The technique of mastering the primary control can be learnt unaided, as Alexander learnt it before his looking glass, fifty years ago. But the difficulties in the way of self-education are so great that the vast majority of individuals will find it quite impossible to inhibit the tendencies to bad habits of use, and to acquire good habits, without the aid of an experienced teacher. At the present time there exist in the world only a few dozens of such teachers. Alexander has had to do his work of training almost single-handed and without any official support. Those who control the educational machine ignore his discovery. Instead of working to make available to all this newly discovered bridge between idealistic theory and actual practice, they waste their own and their pupils' time in carrying out crusades for Liberal Education, Modern Education, Scientific Education, or whatever it may be, in selecting the Hundred Best Books, in conducting metaphysical cock fights between Thomas Aquinas and William James. Never for a moment does it seem to occur to them that there is really very little point in reading the best, or most scientific, or most modern, or most medieval books, unless the reader is provided with a technique that permits his Self to implement in psycho-physical practice the ideals set forth in these volumes.

Only two such techniques, I repeat, have ever been discovered—Alexander's and that of the mystics, oriental and Christian. Christian mystics have tended to neglect the physical side of the total organism, with the result that they have made their supremely indirect approach to the ultimate control of all controls even more arduous than it must, in the nature of things, always be. Oriental contemplatives have not made the mistake of ignoring the body. Of the physical practices they have developed most are concerned with the direct production of certain states and symptoms; but a few seem to be aimed, though this is not specifically stated, at the mastery of the primary psycho-physical control. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Alexander's technique for the conscious mastery of the primary control is now available, and that it can be combined in the most fruitful way with the technique of the mystics for transcending personality through increasing awareness of ultimate reality. It is now possible to conceive of a totally new type of education affecting the entire range of human activity, from the physiological, through the intellectual, moral and practical, to the spiritual—an education which, by teaching them the proper use of the self, would preserve children and adults from most of the diseases and evil habits that now afflict them; an education whose training in inhibition and conscious control would provide men and women with the psycho-physical means for behaving rationally and morally; an education which, in its upper reaches, would make possible the experience of ultimate reality. To those who are interested in the possibilities of a new and more effective education, I heartily recommend this latest and, in many ways, most enlightening of Mr. Alexander's books. In "The Universal Constant in Living" they will find, along with a mass of interesting facts, the ripest wisdom of a man who, setting out fifty years ago to discover a method for restoring his lost voice, has come, by the oldest of indirect roads, to be a quite uniquely important, because uniquely practical, philosopher, educator and physiologist.

Erle Stanley
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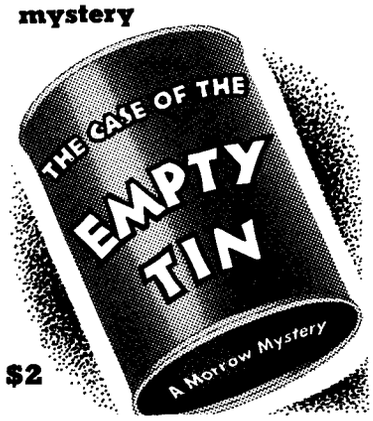

Checkerboard

MR. GEORGE'S JOINT. By Elizabeth Lee Wheaton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 375 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

THE winner of the Thomas Jefferson Southern Award for 1941 is a novel of Negro life in Texas. It is delightful reading right through. Mrs. Wheaton does not say, "All Negroes are like this," and should not be taken as doing so. She has selected her group and their locality and she has reported their strange, tragic, and humorous doings with a realistic sympathy that leaves them interesting human beings in their own rights and not merely problem pieces on the black and white checkerboard of American life. Much of the humor of the story flows from the rich vein in colored people themselves, men and women who have always been able to laugh however close pressed by disaster; much of it from the sharp distinction between the ways of life we are used to and the devious, unpredictable, but often fanatically "polite" behavior of Mr. George and his circle.

The story opens on the day George is released from jail after serving a short term for beating up his wife Annie. It started with the row but when the white law descended upon the family it discovered that Mr. George was running a slight gambling establishment and so advised him to be out of town within twenty-four hours. Bus fare to Texas City and enough over to buy a present at the dime store decides the issue and George and Annie descend upon the latter's mother. No conventional maternal rejoicing here. Lilac, that's the mother,

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THREE WOMEN IN BLACK *Helen Reilly* (Random House: $2.)	Elusive knife-wielder does away with Manhattan medico and luckless female, then changes to axe, but Insp. McKee stops slaughter.	Detective skill of Center Street star, and associates Todhunter and Fernandez, fully revealed in highly-strung and scientifically elucidated tale.	Top drawer
THE CASE OF THE EMPTY TIN *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Cripple with checkered past calls in Perry Mason when violent death strikes nearby. Cal. lawyer-detective responds with customary facility.	How puzzling maladjustment in family larder led to unravelling of cunningly twisted plot told with plenty of action and canny sleuthing.	Better than usual
THE BLUE SANTO MURDER MYSTERY *Margaret Armstrong* (Random House: $2.)	Colorful New Mexican town scene of wealthy viragos stabbing and dramatic detecting by slick investigator from New York.	Stick to it to end and you'll find a real surprise, but earlier going is slow and characters overdone.	Could be better

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was just plain displeased to see them and refused food without payment. George can work when he has to and save too if that is the way to bigger and better loafing. In a few months he has enough to rent a place, buy up some beer and edibles, provide a juke box and other accessories for a first class "j'int." How the help wandered in even to the ingenious hostesses, how they eked out their unpaid wages by judicious shenanigan with the customers, the cash box, and the canned goods in the pantry, how the clientele was built up with natural selection overriding other factors, all this makes up the body of a book that is continuously diverting in incidents and in the quiet understatement of its style. Mrs. Wheaton writes in the best dead pan tradition. She never points and she never prepares you.

The whole group is charmingly amoral but with strict ideas about what is what. Most of them are vehement in their disapproval of divorce. They don't hold with it because it is "agin" religion. That is theory. As to fact they change mates pretty much at whim and call the resultant offspring whatever christian or surnames happen to catch the fancy. This comes gratifyingly near to being able to eat one's cake and keep it too. As with morals, so with manners. A gentleman may "bop" his lady on the head as the result of some unfortunate disagreement or a side-cast glance but upon being introduced to a stranger any overlooking of the accepted, "Pleased to meet you," would be most vigorously frowned upon.

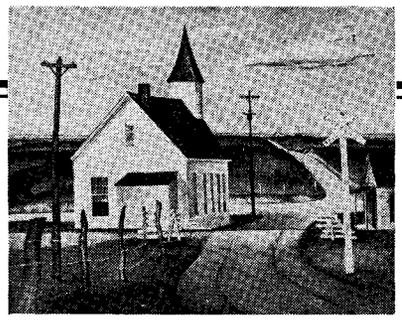
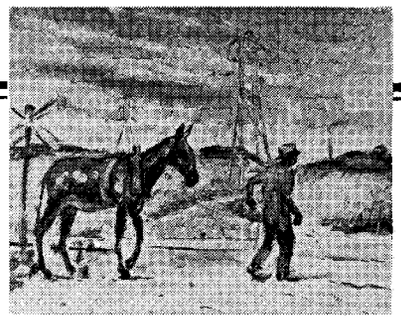
It is perhaps this complete difference in theories and practices which makes "Mr. George's Joint" such excellent escape reading. After all an expedition into the African jungle told from the point of view of an old college acquaintance does not change the frame of reference in living as completely as does this short geographical move to Texas City, Texas. Turn the radio off, put aside your mystery story, and spend an evening in Mr. George's "j'int."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 395)

CHAUCER:
*TROILUS AND CRISEYDE**

Go, my little book! . . . . . .
and because there is so great diversity in English and in the writing of our speech, pray also to God that none copy thee wrong nor mar thy metre through defect of tongue. . . . Beseech God that thou be understood.

*Put into modern English by Percy Mackaye and John S. P. Tatlock.

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SELF-IMPROVEMENT

(*Continued from page 4*)

D. Corrington's "Working with the Microscope" (Whittlesey), one of the best books on micro-technique for the $5 amateur or the $5,000 expert since William Carpenter wrote the technical chapters of his epic in 1875. Naturally a great deal of new data about both the microscope and its materials have cropped up since 1875, but the microscope is still the greatest single-purposed instrument in the general fields of science.

This is probably a fair cross-section on "How To—."

Behind all this variety of conduct and instruction on romantically disparate types of behaviors, lies the primary circumstance that in America, as nowhere else, the impulse for self-improvement, in the broadest meaning of the word, is very yeasty; it bubbles not only in these forty-three and more (if one includes the perennial texts) widely alien subjects of a publishing season, but in the perfectionism of hundreds of books that will be published next year, on how to raise flowers, omelettes, babies, husbands, wives, and live stock of other varieties. A completely dull and unreadable book on formal philosophy was once a best seller; so was one on pictorial art; so was one on how to prolong life by the repetition of a perfunctory and idiotically simple formula. It takes something more than "Day by day—" to deal with a cancer or a neurosis, but the "How To—" business has a solid and socially valuable residue.

The American country has done certain things because of its vigorous curiosities, its diverse informations—even when the informations are unrelated and fragmentary—by Thomas Edison, the Wrights, agricultural machinery beyond any the world ever imagined, diffusion of purely intellectual culture and general industrial processes in which America is far and away beyond the world. Professors saw kites flying for thousands of years without relating the performance to their statements, reiterated up to the twentieth century, that a thing heavier than air could float only briefly in the light liquid. Possibly they saw hurricanes without reflecting that the floating object might create its own immediate and useful hurricane. When the Wrights observed this they made the most important implement of modern Weltpolitik.

The skepticism and the inquisitiveness of our place and time has created a whole new set of concepts, probably for better, perhaps for worse. "How To—" is a part of the general phenomenon which is distinctive and may be admirable or even glorious. "How To—" is the avid inquiry of the ordinary citizen about the unknown borders of the world known to him. At the worst he can refer to Will Cuppy's new fancy, 'How to Become Extinct," but one has the best in view and prefers the notion that at the first blast of Gabriel's horn most Americans will regretfully close a volume on "How to Play the Bass Viol" (instead of the harp), make the remark, "He's corny," and carefully take up the very last procession in the best manner of Arthur Murray by mail order, after having placed a marker in the latest volume on self-improvement. We take life that way.

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Books in Brief

THE KING OF PROXY STREET. *Stanley Kauffmann. John Day.* $2.50. This is the story of a novelist who in writing a novel uncannily predicts the events in another man's life chapter by chapter. The novelist dies before the book is finished, and his subject, Forsyte, is therefore left like the rest of us, not knowing what is coming next. When the novelist's son tells a white lie to the effect that his father actually had finished the book, Forsyte is reassured that his life has a Plan after all, a comforting thought for a formerly disillusioned, broken man. When you have a plot such as Mr. Kauffmann's fantastic story, it must be exceedingly well written. The "King of Proxy Street" is not. The characters are badly drawn, flat, unconvincing, and monotonous.

SIERRA OUTPOST. *Lila Lofberg and David Malcolmson. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $2.50. This book is filled with interesting facts and stories of life in the wilderness. Of special interest is the destruction of man's property when the ratio of wild life is upset by man's too ardent destruction of a species. When too many coyotes are killed, their destructive ways fall on the shoulders of the ground squirrel, who in turn eat quail, spread disease and destroy crops. When the lizards were destroyed the Lofbergs were beleaguered with red ants. Hornets and birds rid them of houseflies. To the amateur naturalist and nature lover this book should be of great interest.

TALLY-HO! YANKEE IN A SPITFIRE. *Arthur G. Donahue, Pilot Officer, R. A. F. The Macmillan Co.* $2.50. Mr. Donahue's accounts of personal combats in the R. A. F. are breath-taking. Almost as interesting are his revelations of normal routine in the R. A. F., when a pilot may fly for days without an actual encounter, either unable to find a German or unable to find one willing to fight. Mr. Donahue is the first American to meet Nazis in the air. High points in the book are his first fight, his visit to London during the blitz, his testimony as to German caution in fighting, and the bravery and steadfastness of his fellow officers, also their enthusiasm when in January, 1941, they were finally strong enough to initiate large daylight raids over enemy territory.

THE DARK SHORE. *Philip Freund. Ives Washburn, Inc.* $2.50. Julien Levant is an unhappy wanderer on the face of the earth, a wandering Jew whose past hangs like an albatross about his neck. He finds a gradually deepening security with Victoria Eugenia, an understanding singer in a blowsy North African cafe in Morrocco. He becomes involved in political intrigue for the money it brings

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him carrying messages for a monarchist plotter, and eventually leaves Ceuta to fight with the International Brigade in the Spanish War. "The Dark Shore" is a pretentious book, involved in racial differences —Jew, Moor, and German; but the reader's interest and sympathies are diverted to impatience by the style in which it is written and the too great wealth of local color which leaves one blinded to the actual story and its implications.

BAROMETER RISING. *Hugh MacLennan. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $2.50. "Barometer Rising" is written from the first page with a gradually mounting suspense culminating in the terrible explosion of the *Mont Blanc,* a munitions ship, in the harbor of Halifax in December, 1917. Neil Macrae, supposedly killed in France, returns to confront his uncle, Colonel Wain, the father of the girl he loves, with the ugly truth that Macrae was imprisoned and on the point of court martial because he was thought to have disobeyed Colonel Wain's orders in the line of fire. Macrae's vindication, however, becomes of minor importance beside the horror and tragedy of Halifax during and after the explosion. The description of the explosion and the scenes that followed is written in a taut and exciting style that makes it live before the reader's eyes. It is a well written novel of sharply drawn characters.

TRADE WINDS

IF a Broadway columnist were to do a book column, we imagine it might go something like this (see if you can identify the books mentioned; next week we will list the correct titles to correspond with the letters in parenthesis after each book):

☞Ask some of the Baltimore newspapermen about Ignaz Karpinski and get a howl (A). ☞Park Row is agog over the $40,000,000 payoff to the French government concerning the Panama Canal (B). ☞What Southern gentleman openly admits he beats his servants (C). ☞Ed Lanson and Ellen Rogers are holding hands (D). ☞The social Chelseas are frowning on Ames's choice (E). ☞Politics and an impending election have a lot to do with that young Negro heading for the hot-seat (F). ☞What famous gent has a terrific yen for another man's wife and are the neighbors raising eyebrows and talking? (G). ☞The entire sporting world is giving cheers for Roy Tucker's great comeback (H). ☞Broadway is getting quite a laugh over one little girl being thrown out on her ear by one boy friend and falling on the rebound into the arms of another (I). ☞Tip to the G-men—if you're looking for Sergeant Lamb try New York (J). ☞What's puzzling the homicide squad is why the Ritz Plaza Roof and why the poisoning? (K). ☞Some of the poets who haven't seen a dollar bill in years are getting checks from what publishing house? (L). ☞Give Mummery an ice axe and then note the glint in his eyes (M). ☞Ach, them Germans—one of their parachutists lands in his own country through some error and is killed pronto. And are the English leffing (N). ☞General Joseph E. Barzynski and Col. Emil Antonovich may head soon for Europe (O). ☞The Rialto is having a good time with George Dominick, the famous manager, in the way Fay Beacham put it over on him (P). ☞Flash! There is less drinking in Hollywood than elsewhere says Helen Partridge (Q). ☞What lady is willing to spend more than a quarter of a million dollars to get the man she wants (R). ☞It was a Jap that really had Trotsky guessing right along (S).

★ ★

☞Heywood Broun used to say that Ring Lardner's portrait of Elmer the Great, the baseball screwball and pitcher, was justified by the appear-

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This exquisitely-written novel is the third of E. L. Grant Watson's to be published in this country. It is a story of violent conflict between the tranquil and spiritual nature of Sister Lucy, a novice from an English convent, and the embittered, warped mind of Michael Shanley, an outcast of Western Australia. Here, for the first time, Lucy is confronted with the stark realism of a sordid and evil world. The solution of this bitter struggle between good and evil provides a stirring climax to this unusual and subtle tale.

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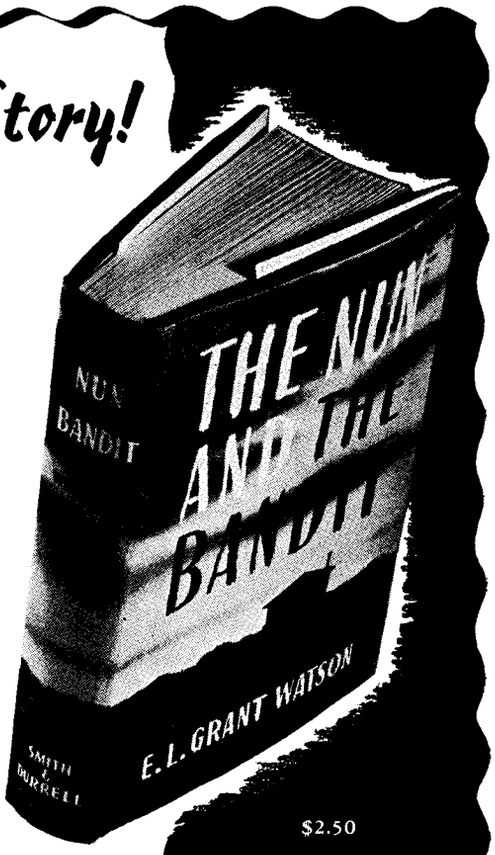

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ance of Dizzy Dean; and that literature showed the need, and life obliged. ☞Here, only a month after the publication of H. F. Heard's strange detective story, "A Taste for Honey," is the headline of a New York *Times* news piece, morning of October 14, 1941:

SHOCK OF STING KILLS
WOMAN BEE-KEEPER

The death was accidental, but the idea of fantastic deaths in detective stories showing the need, and life obliging, sends a chill up our spine. Br-r-r!

★ ★

☞Speaking about newspaper stories we feel somehow that the Associated Press let us down when they reported that a book borrower, after a lapse of thirty years, finally returned the book. The report failed to mention the title. Any book that is good enough to be borrowed and kept for that length of time is something to write about. Speculations run rampant and we hope the AP will help us out.

★ ★

☞If you are an American aviator and you need $2,500.00, Alfred A. Knopf may be able to help you out. The publisher is looking for an autobiographical book-length manuscript written by an American flyer and is offering this amount of money for the prize winning job. To participate, the conditions are simple: American citizens only, who are employed at this time as flyers; maintenance men and executives are out. Here is an opportunity for some articulate pilot to produce another "Wind, Sand, and Stars."

★ ★

☞Ted Hatch is coming out with "The American Wine Cook Book," containing more than 700 tested recipes in which American wine plays a part. Putnam's is doing the publishing and so it went ahead and secured some vital statistics from the Wine Institute. For instance, did you know that Americans drink over 85,200,000 gallons of wine—approximately two thirds of a gallon for every man, woman, and child? We would like to see some comparative statistics on rye, scotch, bourbon, gin, and corn.

★ ★

☞Which brings us to "This Business of Carving." Bill Rhode, who fathered this fascinating work on how to carve fish, flesh, and fowl, has eaten and cooked with the late Ivar Krueger, André Citroen, Lucius Beebe, and Edward Arnold. His travels have enabled him to gather what is reputed to be the world's largest collection of recipes. But food is one of the many accomplishments of the versatile Rhode. He was in the show business with Max Reinhardt and Gilbert Miller; he is a specialist in lighting and what is even more, "Hors d'Oeuvres, Inc." on New York's East side.

PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 396

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1-M	2-N	■	3-H	4-F	5-B	■	6-P	7-R	8-B
9-I	10-H	■	11-D	12-E	■	13-N	14-D	15-Z	■	16-Q	17-B	18-F	19-T	20-A	■	21-K
22-Q	23-F	24-V	25-T	26-L	27-X	28-P	29-Z	30-O	31-R	■	32-Z	33-L	■	34-R	35-G	36-W
37-U	38-X	39-V	40-E	41-O	42-L	43-Q	■	44-P	45-M	46-I	■	47-F	48-M	49-T	50-R	51-Y
■	52-H	53-X	54-I	55-C	56-Y	57-G	■	58-X	59-Q	60-F	61-K	62-C	63-H	■	64-B	65-C
66-X	67-Y	68-N	69-Z	70-I	71-O	72-L	73-A	■	74-N	75-D	76-M	■	77-W	78-N	79-H	80-T
81-Y	■	82-Q	83-C	84-U	85-T	■	86-K	87-L	88-J	■	89-A	■	90-X	91-I	92-Z	93-P
94-B	95-M	96-Y	97-W	98-A	■	99-S	100-V	101-M	102-D	103-F	■	104-J	105-G	■	106-J	107-A
■	108-F	109-K	110-D	■	111-G	■	112-F	113-B	114-U	115-K	116-X	117-L	118-C	■	119-R	120-Y
121-C	122-L	123-T	124-S	125-Q	126-U	127-J	128-G	129-O	130-Z	■	131-C	132-E	■	133-A	134-L	135-E
■	136-Z	137-C	■	138-M	139-E	■	140-W	141-Q	142-T	143-J	144-O	■	145-J	146-M	■	147-B
148-H	149-I	■	150-F	151-O	152-G	153-N	■	154-K	155-J	156-E	■	157-W	158-V	159-J	160-B	■
161-S	162-X	163-C	164-A	165-H	166-I	167-N	■	168-W	169-U	170-O	171-R	172-T	173-P	174-Y	175-M	176-X
■	177-A	178-M	■	179-S	180-U	181-Z	182-Q	183-A	184-Y	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Be whole, sound, without gaps or holes (colloq.; 2 wds.)

B. In a like manner.

C. Valueless, ineffectual.

D. Inspired poet or sage (Vedic).

E. Pseudonym of Sydney Dobell.

F. Native of Kansas.

G. Make like a proverbial stupid, stubborn person.

H. Duke of Norfolk (*Richard II*).

I. Seat of the rites of Demeter (Ceres).

J. Book of History of the Five Confucian Classics.

K. Banana-like fruit of a tree of Southern and Central U. S.

L. Famous lyric poet of Teos, Ionia (563-478 B.C.)

M. Rude process based on practical experience (3 wds.)

N. Dull sputtering sound (imitative).

O. Progenitor of the human race (Greeks).

P. Pertaining to bees.

Q. Poem by Milton (1632).

R. Novel by Richardson (1740).

S. Is indebted or obliged for.

T. Hero of *Aida* (Verdi).

U. Wind up a course (2 wds.—with *with*).

V. Large and motley collection of things (colloq.)

W. Struck with amazement.

X. Mere dictum (2 wds.)

Y. Metallic element in electric light filaments.

Z. Unhurt, free of penalty (comp.)

WORDS

164	177	98	73	133	89	20	107	183
94	8	160	113	147	64	5	17	
55	137	163	131	83	65	118	62	121
102	11	110	14	75				
40	132	12	156	139	135			
150	18	103	47	4	108	112	60	23
111	57	152	128	105	35			
79	165	3	52	10	148	63		
9	46	91	166	149	54	70		
88	145	159	143	106	104	155	127	
21	154	115	61	109	86			
87	42	134	122	33	72	26	117	
178	48	45	146	101	95	1	175	76	138
13	74	78	167	153	2	68		
41	30	170	144	71	151	129		
44	93	28	173	6				
125	22	82	16	59	43	141	182	
119	171	34	7	31	50			
124	161	179	99					
172	123	142	25	80	49	85	19	
37	126	169	114	180	84			
158	24	39	100					
97	140	77	168	36	157			
38	90	176	53	58	116	27	162	66
174	96	51	56	120	184	67	81	
136	29	32	130	181	92	15	69	

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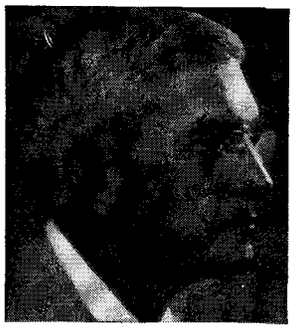

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